

second (but i feel like i'm first when i'm next to you)

by anincomingdisaster

Category: Hamatora/äf•äfžäf^äf©

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Murasaki, Nice

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-04-15 17:38:20

Updated: 2014-04-15 17:38:20

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:56:55

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,068

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Murasaki is conflicted about his feelings and Nice inadvertently resolves them for him. {Murasaki/Nice}

Oneshot.

second (but i feel like i'm first when i'm next to you)

murani really needs more love so here i am contributing to the fandom; pardon any spelling/grammar mistakes im fairly new to writing (more of an artist person) so enjoy i guess

mostly takes place after ep. 8

constructive critism is not necessary but appreciated!

Murasaki considers himself to be a poised and rational man.

He believes that he is someone who is calm, cool, and collected; a man of great patience and reason and it is absolutely necessary to have these characteristics around a certain Facultas top graduate, less he goes insane (well, more so than usual).

The first time Murasaki met Nice, he was pretty sure that the academy was pulling a prank of some sort. After being introduced to the other Minimum Holder in unlikely circumstances (Hamatora's first office was in a cheap apartment, can you blame him for judging?), Murasaki considers Nice to be a waste of incredible ingenuity. The brunet has astounding intellect, more than he lets on, yet here he is, in his lazy, carefree, stupidly compassionate, and broke glory; all for Murasaki to bask in.

Nothing infuriates the man more than Nice. He just cannot fathom the fact that this man - Nice, _of all people_ - to be smarter, stronger, _better_ than him. It fills Murasaki with a sick, horrible feeling at the bottom of his stomach; a feeling that - after countless times of Nice overshadowing his talents, his expertise, his mere _existence_

with his seemingly unintentional over-the-top performances - Murasaki soon realizes it to be jealousy.

Murasaki is not a jealous man; he is way above that childish mindset. Of course, the Sonic Minimum Holder will somehow find a way to prove the lavender-haired man wrong.

Nice is the only man Murasaki is sure of that can crawl under his skin in this manner. And what gets his blood boiling, just makes him want to throw a car into a building, is the fact that Nice doesn't even try. He was born like this, a shining star amongst dirt and rocks, doomed to walk his path with loneliness perched upon his shoulders.

And despite all that, all the talent and brilliance and compassion that Nice practically emits, Murasaki can't help but feel a bit - only a bit - attracted to his partner.

This revelation took a considerable amount of time for Murasaki to grasp (he's pretty sure he was drugged, possessed, or something when he thought something like this while completely conscious).

Not only is he inferior to Nice in terms of intellect and power, the lavender-haired man has also developed feelings for the source of his inner turmoil.

If it weren't for Nice, his life would have been a lot more easier (and sane), Murasaki concludes.

â€“

The Hamatora PI Duo are standing off in the distance on the wet sand glittering from the oncoming sunset that casts pink and orange hues across the horizon. Both males are watching the bickering brothers ahead of them.

Nice is amused. Murasaki is conflicted.

The taller man's mind is in complete disarray; who would have thought that he, one of Facultas' best students, could empathize with a misanthropic drug dealer? Murasaki was merely there at the right time and he just decided in the heat of the moment to make the other Minimum Holder feel better. There he went, spilling his entire life story and worries and insecurities to an unconscious maniac who is doing whatever he is in that dream of his.

Murasaki even went as far as bringing the boy in a wheelchair so that he can witness him and Nice duke it out. He scoffs at his own actions.

Murasaki glances over to Nice, taking in the other man's relaxed smile.

I will always be second to him.

The lavender-haired man inhales deeply, trying to ignore the weird fluttery feeling in his gut.

Even if it will always remain this wayâ€|

He opens his mouth to speak.

â€| I'll never stop trying.

"Hey, Nice?"

The brunet jolts, surprised at the other man's hesitant tone. He lets out a _hmm?_ to acknowledge Murasaki's query.

The taller male continues, "I forgot to tell you something."

The questioned brunet looks at him keenly, but responds anyway.
"What?"

"Next time, I'll win for sure."

To Murasaki's utmost surprise, Nice chuckles loudly, succeeding in getting on Murasaki's nerves in a manner of seconds. When he stops his giggling fest, he sets his gaze back to him.

He smiles. Which is strange, because it's completely disarming, not one of his confident smirks accompanied with witty remarks, but an honest and sincere smile.

Murasaki can't help but feel a bit uncomfortable (not that he minds the attention).

Nice reaches out to him and clasps his shoulder, further adding to the other unfortunate male's utter confusion.

Murasaki watches, completely bemused as Nice moves closer so that their are standing chest-to-chest, goes on his tiptoes and brushes his lips against his. The lavender-haired man is too flabbergasted to reciprocate the brunet's affections as he dumbly stands there, his brain slowly comprehending the fact that his partner is kissing him.

Kissing. **Him**.

It's sweet and fleeting, but when Nice pulls away, Murasaki is left in shock while the bastard laughs at him. He sees Nice's lips moving, his hazy brain registering the fact that he's speaking.

"That's not necessary. You've already won my heart."

The entire ordeal is completely clichÃ©, with them standing at the beach in front of a sunset and kissing (that thought is leaving Murasaki a blushing mess) while gazing intently at each other.

Nice's expression is soft and affectionate and Murasaki tries really hard to calm his exceeding heart rate.

As Nice reaches in to seal their lips again, Murasaki thinks that maybe, being second isn't so bad as it seems.

**well shit that happened. so yeah im not much of a writer but i love this ship so much i had to do something ok i need to let out my feels for this pairing. look at all the potential angst they could have i mean come on we really need more interactions between these two my

heart requires more**

**i was so embarrassed the whole time i was writing this dont judge
me and writing please**

End
file.